

look at all the little gods
all their lightning rods
adjusting to their mess

look at all the little mice
scared into playing nice
we'll see who's laughing last

and i am here to destroy you
and i am here to destroy you
and i am here to destroy you
and i am here to destroy

THE END OF THE BEGINNING

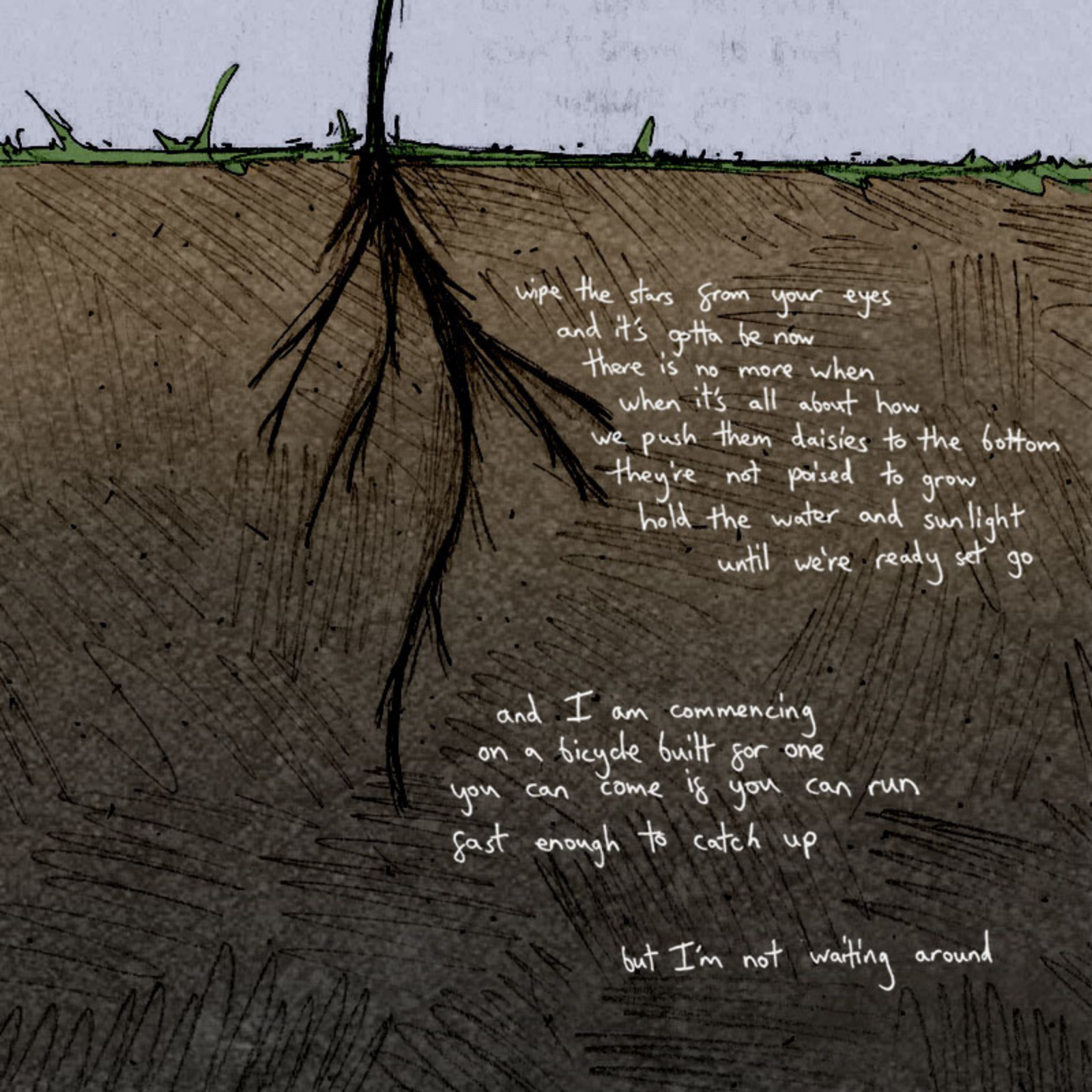
and I, with you in hand
can't seem to find a pocket for you
a pocket for you and your hand
and we are whistling
walking down a cold gray street
climbing up the same old trees
knocking tasteless acorns on our knees

and the moon is so vast
and the craters are ant hills
I'm in a pocket piece of land
coast to coast with no thrills

push them daisies to the bottom
they're not poised to grow
hold the water and sunlight
until we're ready set go

and I, with you in hand
can't seem to find a pocket for you
a pocket for you and your hand
and we are circling
around the drain so to speak
I can climb, can you reach
are these weights too much for us to bring





wipe the stars from your eyes
and it's gotta be now
there is no more when
when it's all about how
we push them daisies to the bottom
they're not poised to grow
hold the water and sunlight
until we're ready set go

and I am commencing
on a bicycle built for one
you can come if you can run
fast enough to catch up

but I'm not waiting around

I want to see the confidence.

A sincere confidence.

I want to go out on top.

I want the thousands and millions of people
whose lives I've touched's last thought to be
"I wish I was more like him."

Not that I know is saving a doomed world
is even worth it. But it's what I want.

I can do it.

I can right the ship and fill the holes, and
sail us into a perfect oblivion.

I've spent two decades + learning
to prepare for more decades ahead,
and now i only have one ~~fitting~~
stinking year? How am i supposed
to know what to do with a year?

Maybe i should do all the things
i wanted to do. What did i want
to do anyway? How sad is that,
most people are setting out to
finish their bucket list and i'm
scrambling to write mine.

Times like this i wish mom was
still alive.

PAINTING ON PAINTINGS

breaking away the way we wanna go
painting on paintings like it won't matter anymore
red wine lubricates the mind
and I guess I was who I was waiting for

call me jesus I have immaculate perception
call me cartographer I have a map for course correction

PAINTING ON SMILES

perception is an interesting thing
like I perceive the ones who don't know what to bring
as a parasite more than ever before
"so I'm sorry but this is as far as we go"
so ride along
and smile on and keep those fucking banners down

disorder is a beautiful thing
sometimes a little push is all that it needs
do you have the dedication that I'm looking for
"so sorry but I don't think I can perform"
so ride along
and smile on and keep those fucking banners down

ring all the things you claim to need
then burn them all straight to hell
other side for the bonus round



SAVE THE IDIOTS, SAVE THE WORLD

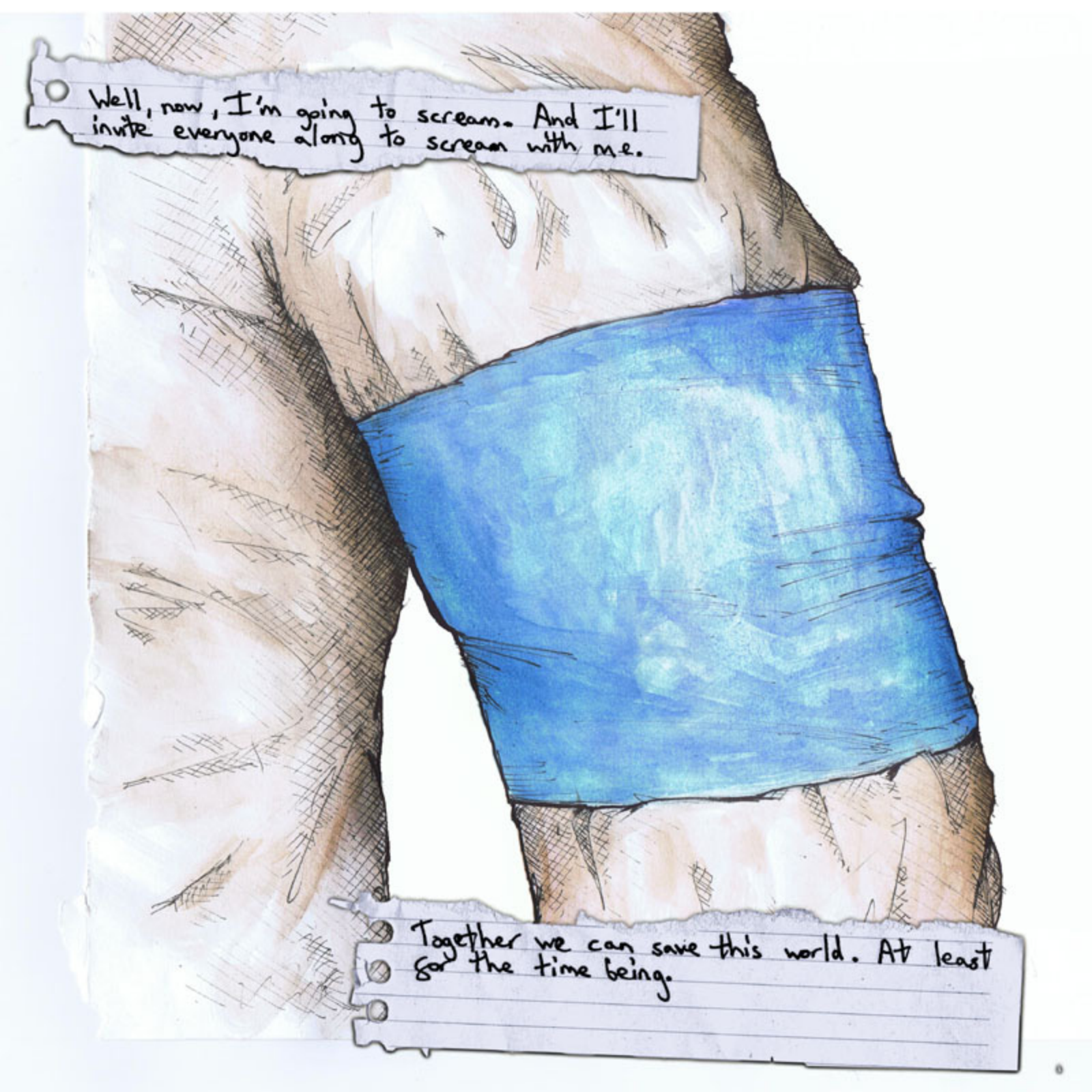
I don't care where you all came from, bringing all of your bad news
so I thought I'd share a quasi-philosophical advance with you
bring yourself a flag to plant and
bring yourself a bucket of paint to
paint the sky the color of your eyes
bridge the gap between the ticks of time
tell it to your face like I'm glad to do

and I

I don't care where you all came from, bringing all of your bad karma
you're all imbeciles as far as I'm concerned, and I'm quite concerned
bring yourself a drawing to hang
by the threads of its author's hand and
thread the needle of a drug you call your own
grow like trees can't block your way to home
tell it to your face like I'm glad to do
you idiots are wasting time like it won't waste you too

Just about everyone's ruined everything. And
I know I'm not alone in that opinion. With
all the bullshit humans have had to go through,
and to know we still don't have it right, it's
infuriating.

Between religion, war, politics, we are a
cesspool of failure. And we've sat idly by
and let the world pass us by without as much
as a whimper.



Well, now, I'm going to scream. And I'll
invite everyone along to scream with me.

Together we can save this world. At least
for the time being.

SNARES AND STRIPES

is this the opening to a movie
is this the music someone uses when walking to the mound
is this the ending of an important scene
that I should remember the next time I'm around
when the sky is galling in itself like a hand around a can
of a man that's thirsty for just about everything else
when the ground is rising up and I'm neck deep in dirt
digging through the surface tension hoping to hear that sound

is that the pen to write the script
about a guy who's got nothing left but his memories
is that the pen to write the pilot
of a future that I want so sincerely to be
lemme wipe the stars from your eyes so I can place my own
squares and circles and great things I've done and have come to know
you'll have no choice but when you're burning to a crisp
to cling to the idea that ideas like mine could possibly exist

is that snare about me
should I stare across the
plateaus of pedestrians crossing
streets to get to streets that contain my beat in their steps
that go 1, 2, 3, 4

I'd settle for just coming to a
consensus with myself about what
'myself' even is. That way at
least I can say I was here
and this is what I was when
it's all over.

AND A WORLD AWAY (PULSE PT.1)

and I am marching a long way
should have been there yesterday
better late than never they say
so I guess that it is okay

do you hear me now?
the sun is looking on your face

do you hear it now?

look around, your brothers are raising their fists
can't help but feel like there's something I missed

SEVENTH GUESS

sit and tell me every little thing that you know
I've been waiting for an hour to hear what you know

I'm a sponge in a tide and I'm thirsty for more
are you qualified to make this sort of judgement call

let me tell you oh nevermind I don't know
I've been meaning to oh nevermind I don't know

and another week goes by and I am plenty sore
kiss my wounds better so I may hear some more

oh, well I guess you are
just what I needed

do you feel me?

HOME COOKING

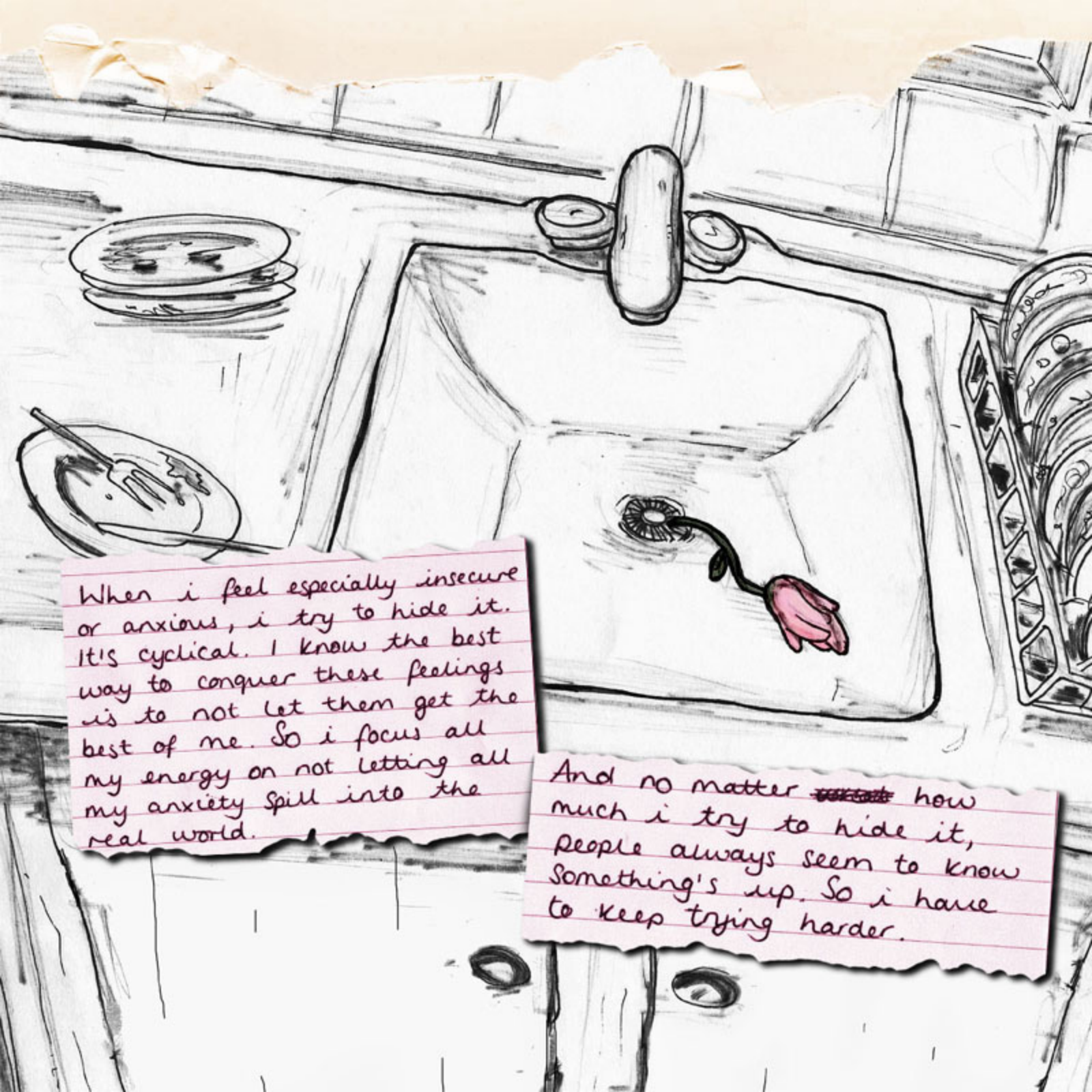
when the cards stack up
when the cards fall down
reverse engineering on a familiar sound
when the gable hits that certain pitch
that leaves a resonating chill that'll linger with an itch

when the birds fly in
when the trees come down
home cooking always keeps us around
when mother starts speaking you had better listen up
to the words she is saying lest we fuck her mission up

when a bad man says bad things about the things that you love
that leaves your ears ringing when push comes to push and shove

you can find me glinting with forever
in a sequence that left me for the better
and I don't care who finds me
I have the luxury of me

Boys intimidate me. I think
they're constantly judging me.
All women too, but especially
girls like me. People can
smell that I'm different, I
swear it. Even if I don't say
a word to them.



When i feel especially insecure or anxious, i try to hide it. It's cyclical. I know the best way to conquer these feelings is to not let them get the best of me. So i focus all my energy on not letting all my anxiety spill into the real world.

And no matter ~~what~~ how much i try to hide it, people always seem to know something's up. So i have to keep trying harder.

IT'S A CORNER (PIECE/PEACE)

Songs on the radio that never appealed
the rest of them followed and knew what to feel
I'm repeating verses that I do not know
lip syncing them while taking some notes
rhythm's alright as is catching the beat
but dancing in real life takes the wind out of me
learning the steps of an uphill climb
isn't as easy as learning to gly

and I know know know just what you think
girl's gotta brain that is pinker than pink
that's just my way and you may not get it
and neither do I so let's just forget it

I don't think eternal life is such a bad gig
snake all you want and see all the planets
bring all your friends everywhere that you go
leave the ones behind that'll step on your toes
do you think everyone would want to come
or just the ones dumb enough to follow along
on second thought someone's gotta stay behind
cause when they all die who will turn out the lights

DO YOU HEAR IT NOW?

THE SOUND OF ALL THE THINGS THAT YOU HAVE COME TO LOVE
CRUMBING LIKE PAPER CUTS AT THE SIGHT OF HARDENED MUD
DID YOU FEEL THE PULSE ON THE RHYTHM'S WALL LIKE IT'S JUST FOR ME
VIEWING ALL THE STIFF SOULS' BREATHS
CLIMBING UP FROM POCKETS OF REST
FINALLY SPRINGING FREE

and I say no no no you don't understand
I could explain but then you would demand
a better explanation one that has all the roots
to this brutal excuse for me solving you

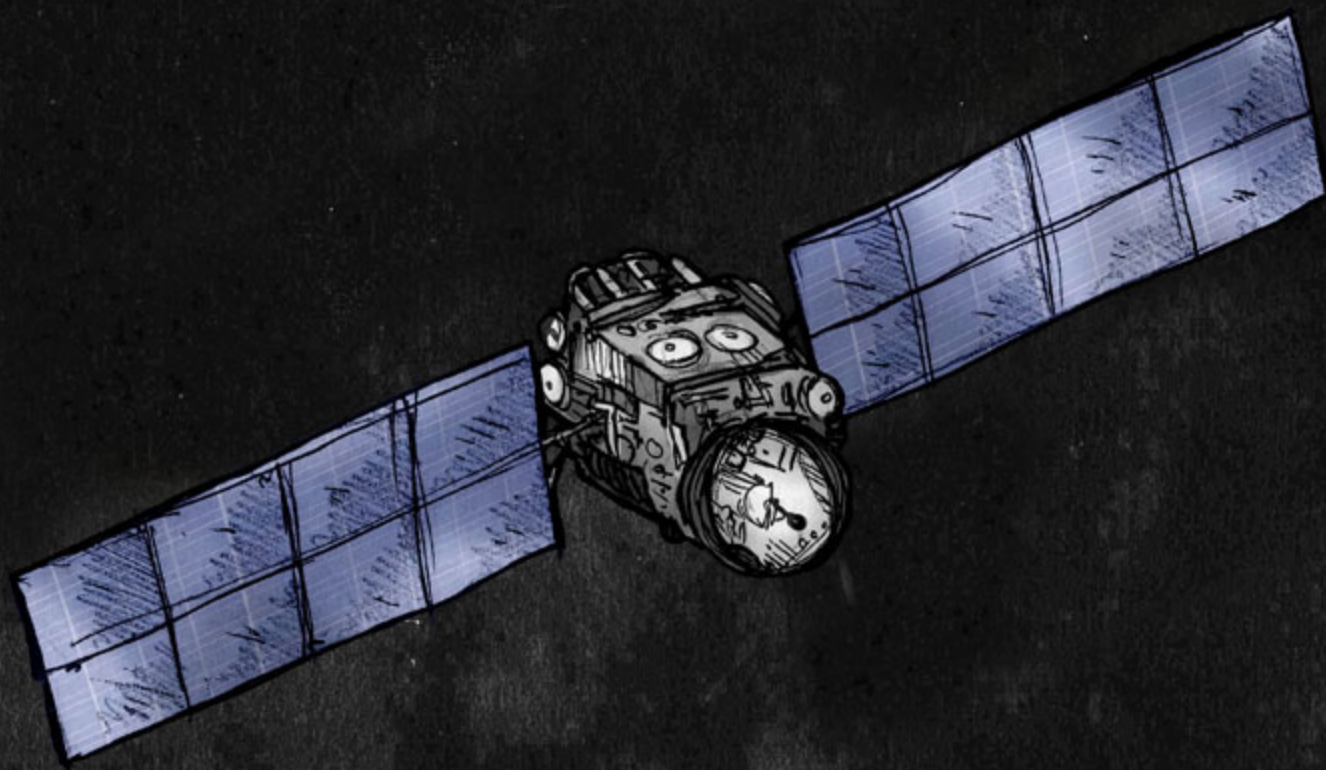
I met you while kissing a girl I hardly liked. My eyes should have been closed, but they just ~~so~~ happened to catch yours staring at us.

She stumbled off semi-~~sober~~ soberly to get a bottle of water. You were embarrassed to have been caught staring. You were shy.

Some things never change.

What are the odds? We all know we are supposed to kiss with our eyes closed. I don't know why we know, but we know. So why didn't you?

Making sure you didn't miss anything, i guess.






SHODDY LUCK

wake up wake up she said
let me hold your hand
through the cold wet ground
she dug until she found
then he rolls his eyes front and makes a face
don't you know hun that this is, that this is the place
where I belong


i know i know she said
but let me argue it
can you see the air
can you taste the glare
touch your nose to mine and smell the scents
don't you recognize the essence of this mess and this
where I belong



LUCKY SHOT

city lights like glitter in the dark
prepping periscopes to seek a certain part
puzzles and parallels to ignite certain sparks
fireflies drown in rain storms from a spoon
in jars of jam emptied for experimental use
a few stray satellites and footprints on the moon

and to think that all it takes



CERTAIN SPARKS

branded them bottomless like a window to a core
of a place where a face ignites a gear we can't ignore
and we claimed that they couldn't be cured been diseased from the start
of this race that we are all in to win to survive the rhythm's heart

stop now thinking how you might be different from the rest
little gods with lightning rods adjusting to their mess
trees soaked knees broke bullet bolts will be bouncing on broken glass
they'll be exploding future moments that we once brewed in our flasks



CLENCH BABY CLENCH

breathe baby breathe
just enough time to be
tasting salty air
hope you don't mind
I'm just passing by
another cell needs repair

clench baby clench
your fists and begin
crawling up the stairs
bring a flag to be safe
in case a familiar gate
brought someone else there

see baby see
monkeys climb the trees
just to see what's there
memorizing the vine
that they grabbed and they climbed
puzzle piece that they won't share

clench baby clench
your fists and begin
fighting for the snares
off in the distance
battling the resistance
to my almighty swear

We stood in line for an hour, surrounded by
100 people. I tickled her tummy. She hates
that. (She claims she does anyway. Giggles
don't lie.) Then the door opened.

I've never seen a face go from glee to fear
in no time flat. It startled me at first. The
sea of people, it's current, started pulling us
towards the entrance. But she didn't move.
She just looked at me. Stared at me. I could
see her eyes start to fill with tears.
I'll never forget that look. Something had gone
wrong in her head. So I said nothing and
grabbed her arm and pulled her back through
the crowd, pushing people out of our way.

so why don't you need to be fixed
you aren't perfect unless there's something I missed
but maybe that's alright, I don't know

BREATHE BABY BREATHE

breathe baby breathe
I think he said to me
clutching my arm like it'd be the death of me
leaving imprints I'd later learn impressed me
god forbid I make the mistake of wanting ecstasy

see baby see
you're right here next to me
in a car parked fifty feet away
from the place
where the music is played
I wanted so bad but venues just always seem to get
the best of me

step baby step
I imagine he'd project
if he saw me now
and I can recollect
the times he kept me safe
from fairly far away
from the world and its trees
dropping leaves in your busy face

so like a big screw you
wrapped in a big gat bow
in a box wrapped in blue
with a card that says
no thanks, I'd rather go outside
so I can take it with
so I can take it in stride

Back in the parking lot, she hugged me
and thanked me. To this day I don't
understand exactly what happened.

get the best of me
so the best of me
can rest at ease
if I please



I've spent the last year perfecting my psychology only to realize there is no perfection, only honing, a honing we can do as long as we're capable.

Because we never stop growing, changing, becoming something new. A constant evolution of humanity that cannot be pinpointed, labeled and named. Diving after yourself down a bottomless pit.

The closest thing i've come to is "being".

Mom was wrong, i don't need to know everything, and neither did she. I wish i could tell her that.

Free the witches inside your head
break a spell of rain like you wanted to
be the wind beside your hair
reminding you to walk away from here



PILLOWS AND STUFF

The pizza was on its way.
We had ten minutes to get
to your apartment and back.
No time to lose!

We fetched your pillows and
blankets, and ran three blocks
to my place.

we don't care what they say
we don't care who we keep waiting
or if we have to crawl
or if a pillow falls
we'll put it back
so just relax

we don't care what they want
we don't care about what they'll glaunt
in our pretty faces
sealed in our cozy spaces
we're invincible
or so I'm told

we don't care what they say
we'll push them daisies in the way
of an oncoming bus
it can't get the best of us
if it's not as good
and it's not as good

we don't care what they bring
we don't care that the songs they sing
say things like listen up
you're not doing it right enough
we've proved them wrong
we still belong

voice of a vintage record player being idle
fractured thoughts in pictures of new pictures in a fire
less is less likely to burn
spent summer smelling scents of sex for a while
girly things like hearts wings and big fat smiles
look at what you have learned

We exited the elevator and
ran as fast as we could. We
giggled hysterically, but then
giggles turned to blushes. The
delivery guy was not amused.
You suggested we don't tip him
for "not being cool." I laughed,
but gave him a nice tip
anyway.

We tossed the pizza on the
table and ignored it for hours.

After an hour of perfecting... er,
Sort of... the design of our
impenetrable fortress, we celebrated
with cold disgusting pizza.

It was exquisite. We soon fell
asleep on the floor, hidden in
our blanket fort from the world,
uncomfortably comfortable in
each other's arms.

The next morning i woke up
and you'd gone to work. I
Spent the entire day not
knowing if i was supposed to
take the fort down. I didn't
want to upset you by taking
it down, and i didn't want
you to think i was weird
for leaving it up.

I left it up.

You got home, called it
"cute". I half believed you.

We Crawled back in through
our secret entrance and rolled
around. It wasn't the same.
Funny how you can't
recreate those moments, how
quickly magic can disappear.



So here I am, waiting for the world to end,
writing stories of forever ago, and I can't
help but think... maybe I was wrong.
Maybe I missed something important. That to
err is human. And to human is beautiful.

I'm always going to be
uncomfortable. And for the first
time, i think i'm okay with
it. I'll never grab running water
and keep it's shape, and i'm
okay with it.

Come to think of it, i suppose
he's been in the back of my
mind this past year. Sometimes
in the front.

Sometimes i'd pretend he was
watching me, just so i'd take
another step forward. And now
i've stepped to a place i want
to be and never leave.

And i think, not coincidentally,
i find myself thinking of him.

I look back on my time with her and smile at all the great times, and even more at all the stupid little things she did. Why was she so anxious all the time? What was she so scared of? Everything.

Everything.

And that's why I loved her. Because she embraced everything as it was and wasn't, on some plane of understanding I can't even comprehend.

Well, for the first time in forever, i think i'm ready. I'm ready for tomorrow because i've learned to live now. And i've got him to thank for that.

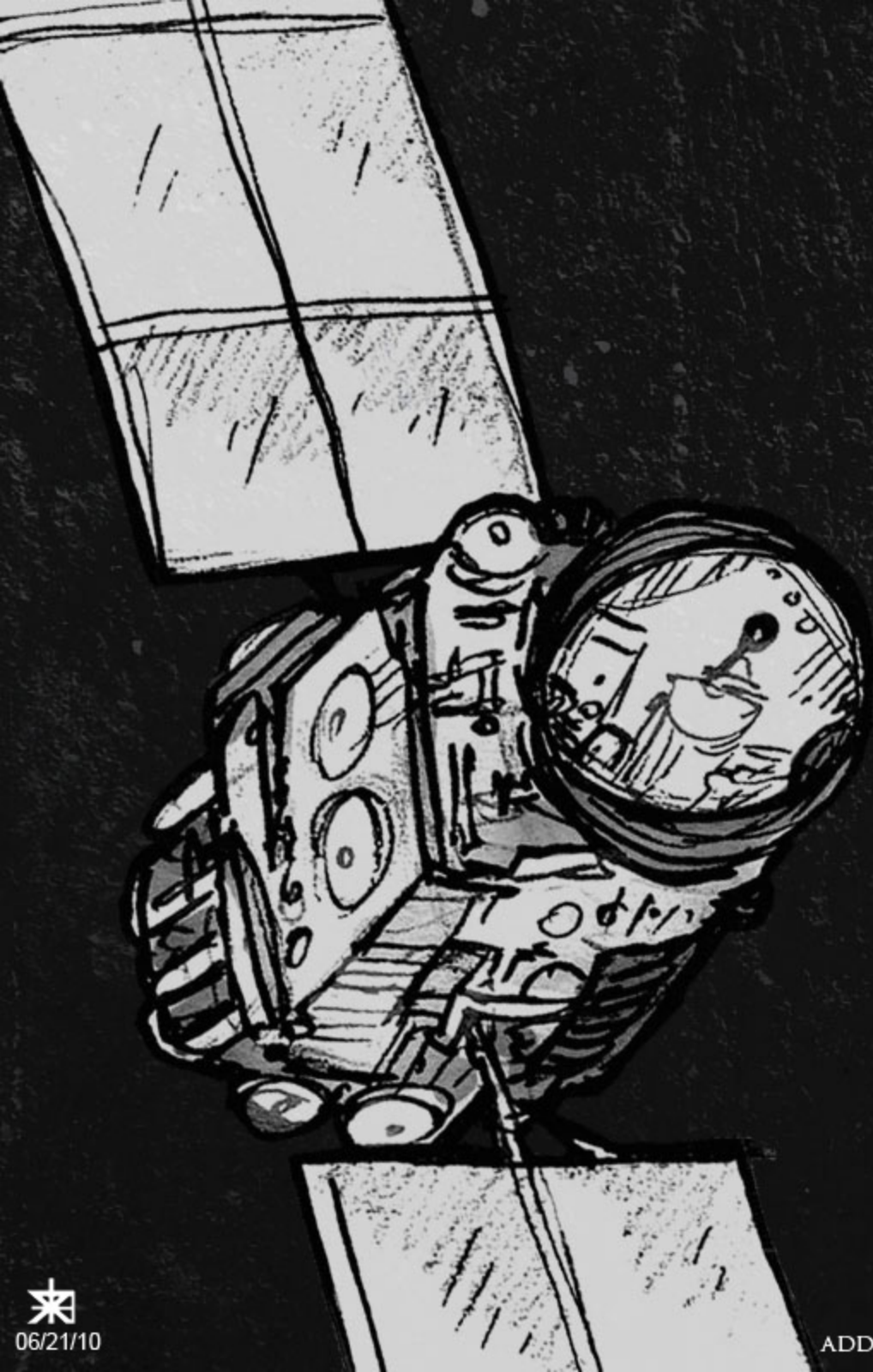
And me.

Maybe this world never needed saving. She showed me that. This is who we are, and it's not impossible to love us.

Hm.







Drivemouth is

BLUE
PINK
END
06 BEAT
ARTS

TOM BREED
JESSICA CYRELL
CADE
RUBIN
DAN MARTIN
AARON HAYNES
JESS DOLLER



06/21/10

ADD DRIVEMOUTH ON FACEBOOK

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